

THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Jacobite,

By what Name or Title soever Dignified or Distinguish'd.

Written by a Person of Quality.

— *Licuit, semperque licebit*
Parcere Personis, dicere de vitiis. Luc.

Conscijs ipse sibi de se putat omnia dici. Cato.

L O N D O N,

Printed for the Author. 1690.

CHARACTER

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By what Name or Title forever Dignified or Disgraced.

Written by a Person of Quality.

—London, Jacobus Jacobus
Printed by J. Jacobus, in the Strand.
Caro.

LONDON

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THE CHARACTER OF A Jacobite, &c.

Jacobites in general are a sort of Animals sprung from the Corruption of King *James's* Evil Government; and carry two shapes in one Body, like a *Centaur*, or the *Irish* Virgin with a Fish in her tail, half Protestant, half Papist. If they are of the *Temporal Nobility*, they believe the *Glitter of their Honour* to be only the Reflection of King *James's* Favour, and that the Rays of their Grandeur cannot shine with that lustre as they ought, unless like Glow-worms Tails they may be permitted to glitter in the dark of Popery and Tyranny. They are the *Mountains* of Arbitrary Power and Magnificence, which Tyrants erect to be the *Atlases* and *Colossus's* to support Exorbitant Dominion. And many times they owe their Advancement to a Serraband well danc'd, the activity of their Bodies, or the allurements of lovely Features: And sometimes they are pickt out to combat (with Colours flying) all Authority of Law and Justice. They love *Grandeur*, but little of Nobility, which would

teach 'em to ascend to Greatness by other steps than that of their Countries Ruine. They espouse the late King's Interest, as many men, when they grow Impotent, marry their *Old Mistresses*. But the support and the Interest being ~~for~~ like, 'tis only to make the World believe the Conjunction at last to be honest. Or else they think it ill manners to desert the late King in his *Spiritual Amours* with the Whore of *Babylon*, because they know so well the proneness of their own Inclinations to their carnal Devotions: Tho' on the other side, 'tis strange they should have so little Esteem for the Protestant Religion, because the Papists tell 'em, it came out of *Henry the Eighth's Cod piece*. But certainly these *Noble Jacobites* are the oddest Courtiers in the World to worship a *setting Sun*; and that in his Winter Quarter too, when he can never expect to rise again, but he must be surrounded with Mists and Fogs, and Scorms and Tempests, which this warmth will neire be able to disperse.

These *Noble Jacobites* are a sort of soaring Politicians, that see against all the Prospects of Sense and Reason in the Earth. Were they not banded about the Eyes like so many Sons of *Venus*, they who sit upon the Pinnacle of the Kingdom, and have the opportunity of distant views, could not but with a clearer sight behold the sinking Estate of the rotten *Interest* which they labour to support: But the *Noble Jacobites* are more sublime in their Politicks than others; they can see into a Mill-stone not only as far, but farther than other Men; and their exalted and piercing Imaginations make such holes in Futurity, that they can see through it as through a Cullender. Then taking their magnifying Glasses, they fancy they see their *Idol King James* far more pompous than ever;

every one conceit themselves *pearching* about his Throne, full plumb'd with all the Glories and Preferments due to their pretended Merits. And thus, they that *flatter'd* him out of his Throne, no less absurdly *flatter* themselves with Felicities of their own erecting, by restoring him again. All this while, pursuing that abominated Maxim of the Kings Interest, and consequently their own, being separate from that of the Subject; they tell the World that they have nothing to do, with the People, and thereby teach the People not to have any thing to do with them. The late King conferr'd Titles upon 'em, but their Titles afford 'em no Honour; for they no sooner are invested with their Honour, but they debase it with pick-thank Sycophantrie, and Slavish Adulation. And sway'd by the powerful Instigations of a pusillanimous Ambition to be great only in shew, betray at once their *King, Themselves, and their Country*; for instead of advising the King as they ought, they give him such Counsel as they believe him inclin'd to, and determine of his *Welfare by his Desire*; which is a kind of setting the *Sun* by the *Dial*; so that the King never knows what time of day 'tis among his Subjects. Therefore it is that set before these *Lordly Jacobites*, the sight of a guilt Coach and six Horses, or a round Bag of *Louy-dars*, they are easily perswaded to sacrifice the Welfare of a whole Nation to their own Ease and Plenty.

In short then, a true *Jacobite Lord* is a true *Jeffreyes*, that is to say, an Abandon'd Slave to Despotick Tyranny; a *Sejanus* to his own Vices, who will humour a *Tiberius*, to the dispeopling whole Provinces, rather than lose the sordid Advantage of insulting over his Inferiours. A *Jacobite of the first magnitude*, is one that will take no warning by the
fatal

fatal Precipices, from which he has seen so many of his own degree fall headlong. The Destinies of *Buckingham* and *Sirafford* are so far cancell'd in his thoughts, that they prevail with him no more than the Fable of *Phaeton*. It cannot be thought that all who were ennobled by the late King, were of Ancient Descent, from Ancestor to Ancestor, which is the Reason why they cannot be altogether blam'd, if like the *Statueries* Cat, that would be starting after Mice after she was exalted to Humane Shape, they pursue those baser Ends which true *Nobility* scorns: However we are glad the Moral only can be fixed upon the *Jacobite* Race. 'Tis true, that some of these *Noble Jacobites* lay claim to Conscience, and upon that score pretend whole Ounces of Loyalty and Fidelity to King *James*: But 'tis a Character appropriated to these sort of *Jacobites*, that they *never think*; else they could never be so much mistaken in the distinction of Loyalty: For how can ever they be said to be Loyal to a Person that never was true to himself? Nor is it less absurd to believe they may be more Loyal to any one particular Man, than to the Body of their Countrey in General: For by this means they fall under the severe Character of preferring the Advantages of a single Person before the common Welfare. And then their Loyalty soon discovers it self to be no more than a *factious Adherence* to a distorded Prince, in hopes to wrest from the Kingdom by his Advancement, the disappointed satisfaction of their Ambitious Ends, which otherwise they give over for lost.

But what Virtues as well as Vices will not Self-Interest insufe into a Noble Mind? Of a sudden these *Noble Jacobites* are become the most Charitable and Believing Persons in the World: They believe that
King

King *James* has forgot to forfeit his *Promises* and *Protestations*; they believe that he believes it is for no By-ends of theirs, but purely out of Pity and Compassion that they seek his Return: They believe they shall never be *Closetted* more, but that Sympathy and Antipathy, the *Mass* and *Common-Prayer*, will kiss each other upon his coming back, in two Chappels under the same Roof: They believe that his *Italian* Wife will Forgive 'em, his Priests will Pardon 'em, and that He himself will acquit, exonerate, and discharge 'em for assisting to list him out of his Kingdom: They believe that young *Perkin* was truly begot, and truly born at *St. James's*, and that he is lawful Heir to the Crown: They believe the *French* King, like a Most Christian Prince, will foregoe all his private Contracts, and never sue neither him nor them with Fire and Sword for all the vast Sums he has lent upon the Mortgage of of the *Brussels* Dominions. All this, and more than this, too long to be enumerated, the *Noble Jacobites* believe, to that degree, that if their Faith were otherways employ'd, there would not be an unruly Mountain in *England*.

But after all, this is their unhappy Misfortune, that all this extraordinary *Belief* of theirs serves only to betray their Weakness, if it may not rather be called a kind of Frenzy; as if their living formerly so near the Rays of a Crown had tann'd and *Blackamoor'd* their very Understandings; for it is not rational to think these *Exalted Jacobites* believe these Absurdities, as being in a Station to know better things by woful Experience; but it shews them however given over to a fond or wilful Credulity, which is a *Vice of Judgment*, a feebleness like that of Maidens, to be twice deluded; so far from the Prudence
of

of *True Nobility*, that we seldom find, an *Irrational Mouse* that having once, escap'd the Bait, will come near the Trap a second time. But there is this Distinction between true *English Nobility*, and *Jacobite Frenchify'd Nobility*, that the one studies the Welfare, the other the Ruine of the People; one loves his Countrey, the other hates it; the one walks by the Rules of Honour and Justice, the other values himself upon the Quirks of Policy; the one would be deem'd Wise, the other Crafty; the one would be esteem'd a good Common-wealths Man, the other a Cunning Politician; the one asserts the Nations ancient Freedom, the other would be a cringing *French Bashee* rather than a *Peer of England*; the one would redeem, the other sell the Kingdom. This sort of *Jacobite Grandees*, are the *Hedge-Sparrows* that hatch *King Lewis's Cockatrice Eggs*, in hopes that when *England* is become tributary to *France*, they shall be rewarded with whole *Hesperian Gardens*, full of *Golden Pippins*: Not considering that Princes most affecting Arbitrary Power, detest however a low-spirited Propensity to Slavery, and that all the Reward which the Senate received for their servile Submission to *Tiberius*, was only to be derided by that scornful Tyrant with the frequently repeated Sarcasm, of *O homines ad servitutem Paratos*.

In short, such *Noble-men* as these are like *Barren Mountains*, that bear neither Plants nor Grass for Publick Use; they touch the Skie, but are unprofitable to the Earth, and when they come to add the Unjustice of their Actions to the Worthlessness of their Persons, their Exaltation becomes the Curse of the People.

To

To come now to the *Jacobite Clergy*, (for may all those of the true *Sacred Order* of the Church of *England*, long enjoy the Honour and Veneration due to their Function!) I say then, to come to the *Jacobite Clergy*, they are such a *Generation of Vipers*, so envenom'd with the poysonous Pamphlets of the *Observer*, that you would swear they made it their business to swallow those weekly *Pasquills*; and that the sayings of that same Charming Author being digested in their Stomachs, has turn'd to real Nourishment: They are a numerous Gang, and haunt S—'s *Coffee-House* in Shoals, where they sit *Croaking* like Frogs in March against the Government. If they are of the Tribe of *Levi*, the only Reason to be given for it is this, that they are so butcherly inveterate against the *Sichemite Whiggs*, upon pretence that they have ravished their Sister *Dinah*, the Church. They cannot Study for hearkening after News; and in Parliament time the Court of *Requests* is so croud'd with 'em, as if the *Popes Consistory* sat in the *Painted Chamber*. If they can but get to be a *Lords Chaplain*, they presently whip on a *long Scarf*; and then *Lucifer* was not prouder when he exalted himself upon the Mount of the Congregation in *Isaiah*. And yet these Scarfs are easily come by; for a Man that showed the Puppet-Play of the *Creation of the World* but t'other day, may lay Title to one, if he can but flubber over a few Prayers in a Ladies Family. They are a sort of *meer Divinity Meteors*, that run whisking up and down to misguide the wandering People, and vent their undigested Conceits, as the winde of their airy Fancies agitates 'em. You cannot perceive 'em to be Cripples, and yet there is not one of 'em but halts most conspicuously between God and *Baal*. They

pretend to be Protestants, but with an extraordinary Inclination to Popery, that they may have two Strings to their Bow, and be ready upon the Return of their Idol, to fall down, and worship his Will and Pleasure. If the Church of Rome would but release the severity of her Penances, her work were done; for tho' they are passionately for whipping of others, they do not much care to whip themselves. They are the *Pompeys* and *Cæsars* of Divinity, that can endure neither Equals nor Superiours, and rather than a *Dissenter* should get a Living among them, if it were in their Power, they would sacrifice him to *Molock*; for they look upon the Dissenters as *Forrainers* that would eat the Bread out of their Mouths. They say that *Nebuchadnezzar* did very well to throw the three Dissenting Children into the fiery Furnace, because they would not conform to the Church of *Babylon* by Law establish'd. Had they liv'd in the time of the Ten Persecutions, what clean work would they have made with those *Nonconforming Christians*! Or if any thing had sav'd a Remnant, it would have been their Doctrine of *Passive Obedience*. They idolize King *James* as the *Heathen* did their false Gods, first make the Idol, and then worship it. Tyranny's the *Molock* to which they would offer their own Posterity; and their own Native Countrey the Place which they would make their Valley *Gehinnon*. They pretend to be true Sons of the Church, but use her no better than a Step Mother, to offer the Price of her Preservation for the Redemption of her profess'd Enemy. And so doing, while they pretend to avoid their being Traytors to a pretended Prince, they betray not only the People which they mislead, but themselves; as if the Church would

would ever be able to give them suck, when they have assisted her Capital Foe to cut off her Nipples. Whence it is apparent, that they were never well read either in Scripture or *Machiavel*, tho' it shews as truly, that their Inclinations are more for the worst of Politicks than the *best of Divinity*. All this while, how they should be so charitable to the misfortunes of King *James*, is a wonder, having so little Charity one for another, there being nothing more frequent among them than Envy, Passion, Repining, and supplanting of each other: And yet they are so insensible as to believe that their King *James* does not see through them, (unless because they have made him their Idol, they think he has Eyes and sees not,) and that he knows he must satisfy the particular ends and aims of every individual Person, or else there will never be peace in *Israel*.

They would be the best Marks-men in the World, if they could but bring a *great Gun* as well as a *little Text* to bear upon any Subject whatever they aim at. To prove Episcopacy, they baulk all other Texts, and take this, *Sirs, what shall I do to be saved?* because the Greek word, *Sirs*, signifies *Lords*, therefore they were Bishops that were spoken to. Another to preach up Kingly Government, chose for his Text, *Seek first the Kingdom of God*: Not the Commonwealth of God, nor the Aristocracy of God, but the Kingdom of God, *Ergo*, Kingly Government is the best Government. A third to disprove *Non-Residence*, finds out *Mat. 1. 2. Abraham begat Isaac*: For that if *Abraham* had not resided with *Sarah*, he had never begat *Isaac*. Another undertakes to prove the unlawfulness of the *Bill of Exclusion*, from *Job ch. 36. v. 21.*

It is not lawful to do evil, that good may come of it. Another to prove the Excellency of Monarchy, picks out *Judg. 17. v. 6.* In those days there was no King in Israel: for had there been a King in Israel, *Micah* had never made a Graven Image, nor had the *Leviter* Concubine ever been ravish'd. And thus their Sermons are a sort of Lampoons upon Scripture, while they make use of it only to put their *Shams* and *Tricks* upon the People, and expose it dress'd up in wrested Interpretation, to the Diversion of the worst of *Libertines*. They pray to Heaven as if they believed there were no God; or sought at least to make him the Author of their mischievous Contrivances. They pray for King *James*, spend all their most fervent Ejaculations in their Cups, and over their Coffee, for King *James*, as if they thought that God were a Favourer of Popery, Tyranny, Oppression and Slavery; and yet would have us think they believe him to be the God of Mercy, Truth and Justice. But whatever they would have us believe, 'tis but an ill sign of the good Opinion they have of it, to invoke *Divine Favour* upon the *Enemy* of their Religion, their Laws, and Liberties.

While they had the Power, the Hook of recalling the *Penal Laws* and *Test* would not take; but now they would recall the disappointed Angler, and rather throw themselves into a precarious Toleration of a Popish Tyrant, than abandon Dominion over their Protestant Brethren. And thus they set up King *James* like the *Brazen Serpent*, thinking to be safe by looking upon him, when stung to inevitable Death by the *fiery Serpents* of *Rome*. Look into their Conversations, and you shall find 'em Wine bibbers

bers to excess, and frequently remov'd from the Coffee-house to the Tavern, to carry on the Elections of Sheriffs and Parliament-men. And 'tis a shrewd sign they are no less addicted to the Smicker, because they love so much as they do to see Religion with her Heels upward. When they get into their Pulpits, they make 'em roar like so many *Matrasses of Aurum Fulminans*, under the Guard of an ignorant Chymist; you'd think they had been learning of the Fire-chawing Mountebanks to carry burning Coals betwixt their Teeth, their Breath is so hot: They sling about their Bombs and their Granado's against the Phanaticks, as if they were *forming a Conventicle*; every word is a *Snag-dragon* or a Flash of Lightning, enough to singe all the *Periwiggs* in the Congregation. Strange, that such fiery men as these should be for *Passive Obedience*! But that's a Virtue which they only Preach to others, never practise themselves: They make use of *Passive Obedience* as House-breakers do of the little Engines called *Betties*, to force open the Consciences of all that will not bow to their *Baal*, and rob 'em of their Understandings. They are so far from *Passive Obedience* themselves, that never was any Hornets Nest in such an uproar as were they themselves when their warm Livings were in danger. The Scripture says, *Obedience is better than Sacrifice*, but they cry *Sacrifice is better than Obedience*; for if all their Opposers were sacrific'd, there would be no need of Obedience: Touch but their Coppy-holds, and then instead of *Passive Obedience* they cry 'Tis better to Obey God than Man; and let their King *de Jure* make use of all his Right and Title to Command 'em, he shall as soon Command a

Cabbia

Cabbin in a rough Sea, as get 'em to read any of his Acts or Declarations, if they but smell a Rat in 'em to the Prejudice of their *Cheefe*. Their vain Hopes perswade them to Obey King *James*, and their groundless Fears to Disobey King *William*. Thus they hope in a Popish Prince, and are afraid of a Protestant King; abandon the Felicity they may justly expect from King *William*, and hope in the Courtisie which they can never expect from King *James*; like many Men that are afraid of Heaven, and place their hopes in the Devil's *future Cruelty*.

They believe all the rest of the Nation but themselves to be Crows, and come with their *Cherry-Garden* Divinity to prove the difference between a King *de Jure* and a King *de Facto*; as a King *de Jure* that has forfeited his Right by Breach of Law, Breach of Faith, Breach of Oaths, Breach of all things by which a Sovereign claims his Sovereignty, were any more than a vain Terror of their own erecting. Heaven pull'd him down, and they would heave him up again. Now whether the *Ancient Romans* or these *Jacobite Levites* were the wisest, must be left to Judgment; for the one trusted to a Goose to preserve their Copitol, the other to a Cock-march for the Restoration of their Exile: Indeed the Cock is the more Martial Bird, but the Goose was the more Fortunate: But they thought to have been Crowing again upon their own Dung-hills, and therefore they preferr'd a Cock-March-Plot before any other Plot. They had cry'd down the Popish Plot, and the Presbyterian Plot was of King *James*'s own making, and fell with himself; but they thought there

might be *Ten to One* laid upon the Success of a *Cock-Match Plot*. However it were, by this you may discover the right Genius of a *Jesuite* and a true *Jacobite*, the one was for Dispeopling the Nation, the other for making a *Cock-Pit* of the Kingdom.

I would fain exempt 'em from having any hand in the *Miscarriage of our Fleet*, a fatal Blow to the Ancient Honour of the *English Nation*, which all *Europe* but their Confederate the *French King* still laments: Since they that would betray their Country and their *Deliverer*, would betray their Saviour; for *Judas* might perhaps not know how great a Personage our Saviour was, but no Man can be exempted from not believing in his Country.

The other sort of *Levitical Jacobites*, as they are more highly dignify'd, and farther stricken in Years, carry themselves with more Reservedness, and as they have gain'd a greater Reputation, so they are more dangerous to the Government; yet they walk upon the same grounds, and move upon the same Principles with the *Inferiour Crew*, who receive their Instructions from them; and when they are *fully Lesson'd*, like the little *Spaniels* that fall a *yelping* when the great *Mastiff* opens, follow the scent with a full Cry.

These Men being generally of *low Extraction*, cannot forgoe those mean and narrow Notions which their sordid Education infus'd into their *Boysish Tears*, which makes them admire Advancement as poor Folks adore *gandy Cloaths*; and having once tasted

tasted the sweets of Preferment, they so abhor their former Condition, that they place all their Felicity in this World. They study the Humour of the Court more than Women do the Fashions, and if they can but gain the *Prince's Favour*, they deal by the *King* as the *Pilow* did by the Countrey-Fellow in *Bartholomew-Fair*, that tickl'd his Ears 'till he pick'd his Pocket: Only it shews somewhat ugly, that they should rejoyce at the Misfortune of our Fleet, and that King *William's* Victories in *Ireland* should sadden their Hearts.

Their *Sermons* are all Calculated for the Court Meridian, the continual Infusory of Servitude and Wretchedness into all their Hearers: You might have known what a Clock it was at *White-Hall* by the Chiming of their Pulpits. They took their Text from the Minutes of the *Private Cabal*, and then firing a Scripture-shoe to it, sent it abroad Apparel'd in *A Sermon Preach'd before the KING*, By the Reverend such a One, D. D. If the King wanted one to tell the People, *That though he commanded what was contrary to the Law of God and Nature, the Subject was nevertheless bound to Obey with an absolute Passive Obedience*; there was a *Sibthorp* ready to bawl it out in his Pulpit. If the King wanted another to prove by Scripture, *That he was not bound to Observe the Laws of the Realm concerning the Subjects Liberties and Rights, but that his Royal Will and Command in imposing Loans and Taxes without Consent in Parliament, oblig'd the Subjects Conscience upon Pain of Eternal Damnation*; *Manwaring*, in his way to the two Fat Livings of *St. Giles in the Fields* and *Stamford Rivers* in *Essex*,
does

does it to a Hair. These sort of dignify'd *Jacobites* deriv'd their Appellation from *Jacobus Primus*, who afraid of his English *Nobility*, caw'd the most supple of his dignify'd Clergy, with his new invented Maxim of *No Bishop, No King*, for which they gratify'd him with the Title of a *second Solomon*; could they have found a hole in the Scripture to have made that Golden Maxim Canonical, they had done it; but the Scripture had been so often Translated before, that they durst not attempt it: However, they went so far, as to make Episcopacy *Jure Divino*, which was the same thing as to range it coequal with Kingship; And they were so much his Slaves, that they did all they could to make out the Truth of his Apothegm, and their gratitude for his Invention, by making all along the Scripture the Common Voucher and Asserter of Worldly Politicks.

When these sort of *Dignify'd Jacobites* come to be advanc'd near the Person of a Prince, they never make use of their Dignity to Correct him when he goes astray, nor to tell him of his Faults, but to sooth him up in his extravagant Courses: They tell him, *That Kings breath not the same Breath with other Men*; that they are not of the Race of *Adam*, but the Sons of *Jupiter Ammon*, &c. descended from Heaven, Booted and Spurr'd, to ride their Vassals the People. Moreover, That they are no more oblig'd by any Coronation-Oaths, than Lovers by their Vows to their Mistresses, but may dispense with the Establish'd Constitutions of the Kingdom at their own Will and Pleasure, and that they are accountable to none but God. For these

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good

good Services, and many more of the same Nature, they prevail with the Prince to enlarge their Encroachments upon the Civil Jurisdiction, and having gotten an Unjustifiable Power into their Hands, they call it the *Church*, no less Sacred than the *Ark*, have a care how you touch it: if the Lord do not smite the bold Adventurer, they will. A Popish Prince may do any thing but abridge them of this Power of theirs; if he does that, he is an *Uzziah*, he has invaded their Properties, and must be turn'd out of the Temple with a wither'd Arm; and then — 'tis lawful to send for a Prince of *Orange* to help 'em, 'tis lawful to devolve the Government into his Hands, and humbly to implore him to take *Care* of their *Ark*. But no sooner are their Properties safe, and King *William* by the General Consent of the Nation advanc'd, in his *own Right* to a Vacant Throne, but they are offended at his Protestant Zeal, tell him they never sent for him to make him their Sovereign, but their *Journey-man* only; call him King *de Facto*, slight his Protection, and rather than acknowledge their Deliverer, would put on their *Philistine* Yoak again.

These are a moody sullen sort of *Jacobites*, that would make all the World believe there are but so many knowing, Pious Men in the Nation; and by an affected Ostentation of Conscience, would riggle themselves into the Honour of having all the Nation dance after their Pipes. They know the ill Consequences of their Example to the *Kingdom*, and yet persevere in it; but they imagine the Humour will take, and therefore they presume upon

upon it. Nor can they be insensible, that King *James* takes his Opportunity, and makes his Advantage of their Bigottry. And yet so highly are these *Dignify'd Jacobites* conceited of themselves, that though the Righteousness of ten Men would have sav'd *Sodom*, they believe the streight-lac'd *Tenderness* of half the number enough to ruine *England*: At least they would have the Publick Good and Safety depend upon the overweening Reason of a few Obstinate Men.

These sort of *Jacobites* cannot but know the danger of great Examples,

———— *Velocius & citius nos*
Corrumpunt Vitiorum Exempla Domestica, magnis
Cum subeant Animos Authoribus ———

From whence we must conclude they are buoy'd up, and encourag'd by the more Politick *Jacobites*, on purpose to promote their Darling, King *James's* Interest. Thus with the Sorceress *Circe*, these dignify'd *Jacobites* see better things, but follow the worse — Not out of any Love to King *James*, for that's impossible, but out of a Pique to King *William*: Otherwise 'tis certain, that never any Divinity taught them to pretend a Reluctancy of Conscience that threatens the Fate of a whole Kingdom: Nor can Piety grounded upon Error excuse any Man for designing Mischief to his Countrey: Or supposing a Man's Piety were seemingly well intended, neither will the Goodness of a Mans In-

tentions excuse the Scandal and Contagion of his Example.

Others there are who are more Pliable and Compliant, who being unwilling to come within the Lash of Acts of Parliament, think it their safest way to take the Oaths both to King William and Queen Mary. But these Men have a Trick to save themselves, they are *Shrivers* at Equivocation, never known among Protestants before, and are able to teach the Jesuites themselves to sing a Note above *Ea*: Thus the Chancellor of a certain Diocese in this Kingdom, being ask'd how he could take the Oaths to King William and Queen Mary, and acc for King James? Oh! cry'd He, *though I took the Oaths, I never swallow'd 'em.* And thus you see how near to a Reconciliation the *Jacobites* and *Romanists* are, they are link'd together against King William, like the wicked against David. But the *Jacobites* are so short-sighted, as not to see that were the t'others ends accomplish'd, 'tis a Friendship so ill order'd, it would never hold together; their Darling's good Fortune would soon unloose the Knot, and then they must come over the Stick for the Pope, or else not a bit of the Crust.

The greatest part of these *Jacobite* Dons were of King James's Promotion, or by his Interest when Duke of York, and fearing therefore to be laid aside, they would make the World believe that the Church of England will fall, should they be discarded; when others more Dignify'd, more Conscientious, more Religious, more Fore-seeing, apprehend no such Danger. They would make the
World

World believe, the Reformation of the Clergy to be the Downfall of the Church.

Hence such a Bustle, such a Clutter, such a Hurry; hence so much Canvassing at Elections, such bawling out *St. George for the Church*, as if all lay at stake when nothing is in danger. Some of these great *Jacobites* conform on purpose to do Mischief, and they are the most dangerous; for they are able to give bad Counsel unsuspected, and their Friendship betrays, like Fire that embraces to consume. Some of these there are who are easily persuaded to send about their *Diocesan* Letters to their Inferiour Clergy, upon their Filial Obedience to give their Voices for such a One, as being pitch'd upon by the Grand Cabal of the County for his Affection and Fidelity to the Church. And many times the same Pretence deludes others that mean better, with the same Hazard of their Reputation: As if it could be any Honour to the Church of England, to imitate the pilty Shifts and wicked Practices of *Brent* and *Graham*. But a true *Levitical Jacobite* cares not whom he amuses, nor whose Example he follows, so he may but have the Honour to stand fair with *Antichrist* and King *James*. A true *Levitical Jacobite* cares no more for the Church than for the *Alchoran*, but he Worships the Church-Lands; and so he may but lye well and at ease, he matters not whether it be in the Abby of *Glastenbury*, or the Parsonage of *Simsbury*.

However

However, these *Levitical Champions* for K. James draw after 'em some Numbers of the Gentry and Commonalty of the Nation : Among whom of the Male Sex, there are three Degrees of Comparison. Some Sober, some more Loose, some most Extravagant. The Sober part are wheedl'd in by the specious pretence of the *Churches Danger* : Men otherwise of Honest Morals, but *Credulous Bigotts*, that pin their Faith without Examination upon their *Instructors Sleeve*, and believe that all they say is *Gospel*, tho' they should tell 'em that *High-gate Hill* was made of March-pane. If they are men not so easily gull'd, they feel the Ladies Pulse, and if she be of their Party, *Heavens!* how the poor Gentlemans Ears are teaz'd between the *Wife and the Doctor* ; and so they make themselves Masters of his Reason, as Poachers catch Partridges, astonish'd with the dinn of the Lowbell. Others Ambitious of a Seat in Parliament, or a Magistracy in the County, though they see through 'em, and have perhaps as little Religion as themselves ; however they close with 'em, and applaud their Zeal for the *Church*, to save the Expences of Canvassing, or Feasting the Corporation : But having studied well neither the Laws of God nor their Countrey, they render themselves so obnoxious to a more happy Revolution, that nothing can save 'em but an *Act of Oblivion*.

None of these are any more than the *Crutches* of a Crazy Government, which being once restored to a healthy Constitution, lays 'em aside as needless Supporters. Their Devotion is like Meat neither hot nor cold, which frighted the Devil from being a
Ser.

Serving-man ; and their *Loyalty* is like a Woman's Affection, generally too much or too little. And for their particular *Loyalty* to King *James*, 'tis like an *Ill Habit*, which when a Man has once got, he can never leave it : However it serves 'em to make a noise with at a Tavern, for want of other Discourse ; or else like a cold Neats-Tongue, or a Dish of Anchovies to relish a Glass of Wine.

They have a pretended Kindness indeed for the *Service-Book*, and the *Liturgy of the Church of England* ; but they are more for *set forms* of Oaths than *set forms* of Prayer, and prefer a brisk *God damn 'em*, before a sneaking *Lord have mercy upon us*. They know so little the true value of the Laws and Constitutions of the Land, that they were ready at any time to part with those *Jewels* for the *Barley-Corns of Court-Favour*. Tyranny therefore hugs 'em, and makes the same use of 'em, as *Tamerlane* did of his Captive *Bajazet*, to get up and ride the People.

The looser sort are Persons wholly addicted to their Pleasure, that measure their Felicity by their *Passions*. These are Men that live most at ease under the Oppressions of Arbitrary Power, like those sort of Animals call'd *Hog-lice*, that breed and multiply under the weight of great Timber-loggs. Under the strictness of Government they are like Fish out of the Water ; in the looseness of absolute Tyranny, they are as merry as Summer Swallows in a Chimney. Having therefore experienc'd the Remissness of King *James*'s Reign, like Ivy to a Steeple, they cling to his Misgovernment, as being that which allow'd 'em the full swing of their Licentious-

ousness ; and rather choose with Swine to wallow in the Mire of Voluptuous and Libertine Bondage, than breath the Air of Freedom, within the limited Impalements of the Law. They live like Brutes, by Sense and Appetite, not Reason ; and having no more Understanding than Dorr-flies, buzz about the Dazle of a forfeited Crown, to their own Destruction.

They talk of Religion, as they that never travel'd talk of Forreign Countries. However, if you ask em of what Religion they are, they will tell you they are *Protestants of the Church of England* ; if you misdoubt the Truth of it, they presently confirm it with a *God Damm 'em but they are*. Ask 'em why then they side with King James who is a Papist : Because, quo' they, *the Papists are better than the Presbyterians* : — Ask em how so, Because, cry they, *the Presbyterians are worse than the Papists*. Knock with your middle finger knuckle against the middle of their Foreheads, and you may hear the Concavity sound like an empty Cask. If it were search'd into, there would be nothing found in it but the Lees of Forty One Clamour half dyed up to nothing.

In short, *what they think is Vanity, what they speak is False, whatever they approve is Bad, and whatever they disapprove is Good*.

The most Extravagant sort are like the Wild Beasts of the Forrest, and almost of as many various sorts ; Bullies, Beaus, Hectors, Bravoos, St. Nicholas Clerks, Alsatians, Mint-men, Rake-Hell and Skimm the Devil, and all the rest of the blessed Canaille of broken Tradesmen

men, Pimps, and Suburb-Roysters,

*Ambubajarum Collegia, Pharmacopola
Mendici, Mimae, Balatriones, hoc Caelum Omne.*

All these are of the Society of Jacobites, that long for King *James*, as Women with Child long for Coals and foul Tobacco-Pipes. There were the *Inhabitants* and *Free-holders* of all the Towns and Counties in *England*, that had as many Christian and Surnames as the King of *Spain* has Titles, to clap to a *Loyal Address*; and then the quaint Piece of Eloquence was carry'd to *White-Hall*, with a Label of Subscriptions that look'd like a Cluster of Bees before the Mouth of a Hive. And thus the Cheaters cheated themselves: They were Rampant then, they are now Couchant, and therefore they Pray for the lost Protector of their Vices; as Women Mourn at Funerals for the Dead, 'till they make themselves Drunk for Sorrow: When all the World besides rejects 'em, they think King *James* will receive 'em to his Mercy; as if he needed more Curses than he has already to blast his Prosperity.

D

Popery

Popery indeed is a Common-sewer for any Vicious Excrements; but these scoundrel *Jacobites* are so very wicked, that the Priests are afraid to let 'em dye in their Communion, lest the Flames of Purgatory should not be hot enough to purifie 'em.

In short, they are the Dreggs and *Caput Mortuum* of Humane Society, fit for nothing but to be thrown upon the Dung-hill; Or if they may be said to serve for any thing, 'tis only to provoke the Anger of Heaven, and to be the Combustible Stuff to kindle the general Conflagration.

As for the Females, not to say any thing of the Modest and the Vertuous, who, considering the weakness of their Sex, may be easily led away by their *Jacobite* Confessors, the Torrents of whose thundring Eloquence they are not able to withstand; the wonder is, how these *Jacobite* Infusions come to operate so generally upon the Common Harlots and Mistresses of the Town, since it cannot be presum'd that they

they have any such familiar Converse with the *Jacobite* Order. But so it is, that all the *Suburb Rababs*, and *Daughters of Joy* within the Walls, have universally espous'd the *Jacobite* Interest. 'Tis true, there was a Lady said, That she had rather be Mistress to a King, than Wife to the best Noble Man in *England*. And perhaps the same Ambition possesses our *English Laïs's*, that since they cannot all imagine to embrace the Royal Person, they will hugg his Interest. They know that King *James's* Cause is the Whore of *Babel's* Cause; and then the Whore of *Babel's* Cause must needs be the Cause of all the Whores in *England*.

They know Idolatry to be a kind of Spiritual Fornication; and therefore tis no wonder that Carnal Harlots should adhere to Spiritual Whore-mongers. Besides, they are for a General Toleration; and for that Reason favour those by whose means at length they hope to have the Penal Laws and Statutes taken off.

Others there are who think it a great piece of Ingratitude to forsake a Religion which has been so kind as to Canonize so many of their Sex, and gives 'em so easie an Absolution from their pleasing Transgressions. For a Female *Jacobite*, cares not that her Conscience should be heavier than her Fan; and therefore chooses that Profession that layes the least weight upon it.

Yet some there are who think these Gypfies to be mistaken in their Politicks, for that tho' the Roman Curtisians had some Reason for what they did, in stickling and caballing as they did to keep the Sodomite Cardinals from sitting in St. Peters Chair; yet our Strumpets are the greatest Fools in Nature, for striving to bring in the Italian Abby-Lubbers into England to spoil their Vocation: They little dream what terrible Rates will be set upon Night-Walkers and what an Excessive Excise will be put upon Chamber-practice.

Never-

Nevertheless, There are some who pretend to have a deep insight into succeeding Times, comfort themselves in the Hopes they have in their little *Heliogabalus*, who was what d'ye call'd it into the World at *St. James's*; that when he comes to reign over 'em, he will advance 'em into a Corporation of themselves, make Harangues and Speeches to 'em, and dignifie 'em with the Title of his *Commilitones*, and Fellow Subjects, and be no less kind to them than that famous Emperour was endearing to the Curtesians of *Rome*. Expectations of consequence, and grounds sufficient for the *English* Trulls and Misses to plead so hard for an Illegitimate. But such Female Advocates as these for the *Jacobine* Cause do it more harm than good; such *Sirens* as they being lookt upon to be no less clapt in their Understandings than their Bodies. There is no fear of such *Amazon's* as these, notwithstanding their Attire for the Head, so like the Helmets of *Tomyris* and *Penthesilea*; and therefore we have ~~an~~ ^{not} their several Cures, and their Dyet Drinks of *Sarsaparill* and *Guaiacum*.

However, By such a separation as this of the Goats from the Sheep, it may be easie to give a true Judgment of the *Jacobite Cause* by the Favourers of it, and to see what sort of Persons they are that seek for shelter under the Wings of Tyranny and Popery. And the quite contrary, it may with no less clearness be discern'd who are the Assertors of the Kingdoms Welfare, and the Safety of the True Protestant Religion, under the happy Auspices of **KING WILLIAM** and **QUEEN MARY**.

THE END

THE END